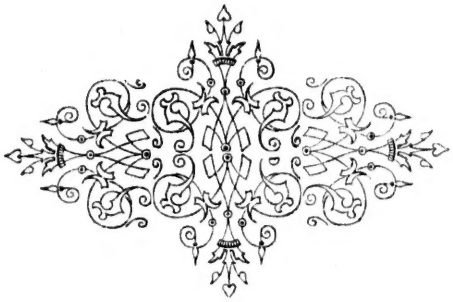
11.

The Angel Watchers



Saint John, N. B.

1891.

THE ANGEL WATCHERS.

WRITTEN IN AID OF

Lady Tilley's Hospital Work.

BY

ELLEN MURRAY,

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SOUTH CAROLINA, U.S.

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1891.

The Angel Watchers.

Each to each, the Holy Watchers
From the hill and valley call;
Each to each, across the shadows
Where the blue mists lift and fall,
In the freshness of the dawning,
Ere the glory of the morning,
Ere the light, like snow, drifts on
O'er the River of St. John.

Each to each, the Watchers listen,
Each to each, the Holy speak,
Where through rock gates rolls the river
Ocean plenitude to seek;
Tossing, flinging, backward leaping,
Rushing to the harbour's keeping,
Crest of foam, dark undertow,
Full of shadow, full of glow.

O'er the city flash the Holy,
Watching, as the sun glints sift
Where the church spires, from the dark-
ness,
The pathetic Cross uplift;
And the Human, waking under,
Fling the bands of sleep asunder,
Rising to their day of toil,
Stress and trouble, change, turmoil.

Cries a Watcher: "Does He tarry,
While our praises for Him wait?
Israel's Shepherd! Does He linger,
Though they open Heaven's gate?
His white robes the darkness sweeping,
As He listens to the weeping,
Where His weary, helpless sheep,
In their misery, moan in sleep."

Speaks another: "On His glory
Do earth's shadows fall again?
For our glorious Monarch surely
Ever ended is the bane.
Not for Him the bitter crying,
Not for Him the lonely dying,
Wounds unbound and aching Head—
Shine, oh Glory, there instead."

Comes the answer: "Heart of Godhood
Cradles every human heart,
Quicker, tenderer, than a mother's
Bears in every pang its part.
Beating with each heart that's broken,
Pleading in each sad plaint spoken,
Feeling all His people's pain,
Grieves the Son of Man again."

Low the speaking: "Are they useless—
All our chants of gratitude,
Adorations, praises, worship,
Of our glorious angelhood?
Can the heavenly radiance never
Christ the Lord, from earth grief sever?
And His poor with wail and fret
Trouble they the Master yet?"

Cry the Watchers, downward looking:
"Happy mortals, yours the task;
At *your* hands, He takes the comfort,
From *your* stores, He deigns to ask.
You may help His poor and weary,
Soothe the hours sad and dreary,
With *our* Lord the work divide,
Comfort Him, *your* Crucified."

Farther, fainter, grow the voices,
As the holy seek the height,
Over river, hill, and harbour,
Full and fair comes morning light.
In the city streets it lingers,
Where strong hands and busy fingers
Work and spend, and will not stay;
They would help their Lord to-day.

ELLEN MURRAY.